And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

IV.iv. *Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you cot-quean go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow.
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter

Enter Nur

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, m
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is
Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iu*
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweet
What not a word, you take your
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp h
That you shall rest but little, Go
Marrie and Amen: how sound is
I needs must wake her: Madam
I, let the Countie take you in yo
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will i
What drest, and in your clothes, a
I must needs wake you, Lady, La
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Lady
Oh wereaday that euer I was bo
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord
Mo. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie
Mo. O me, O me, my child, m
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die wi
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* fort
Nur. Shees dead: deceast, shee
M. Alack the day, shees dead, sh
Fa. Hah let me see her, out al
Her bloud is setled, and her ioyn
Life and these lips haue long be
Death lies on her like an vntime
Vpon the sweetest flower of all

K